

THE GAZETTE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Daily edition, one year..... \$5.00

50 cents a year, per month..... .50

Weekly edition, one year..... 1.50

SPECIAL ADVERTISING NOTICE.

We charge full rates for cards of thanks, obituary papers, financial statements of insurance companies and all other classes of items of considered news.

We publish free, marriage, death and obituary notices, &c., & paper also notices of church and society meetings.

We publish at half rates church and society news of enterntainments given for revenue.

THE GAZETTE

is the best advertising medium in southern Wisconsin and our rates are based on our circulation and are cheap when so considered.

Prices for local or display advertising cheerfully furnished on application.

GAZETTE PRINTING CO.

TO-DAY'S ANNIVERSARIES.

1863—Thomas Wentworth, earl of Stafford, born.

1868—Christopher Pitt, translator of Virgil, died.

1877—Capt. Hugh Clapperton, African explorer, died.

1882—The first Japanese embassy received by

1885—Battle of Whistlers Station, Ala.

1888—Magdala captured and occupied by British troops; King Theodore killed.

1873—Bloody Vision and "war of races" at Cox

Court House, La.; 60 negroes killed.

1879—Samuel Jackson Randall died at Washington; born Oct. 10, 1828; elected to Congress in 1863 and re-elected thirteen times; served 26 years and a few weeks without a break.

Wells, noted phonographist, died in New York.

1900—Samuel Jackson Randall died at Wash-

ington; born Oct. 10, 1828; elected to Con-

gress in 1863 and re-elected thirteen times;

served 26 years and a few weeks without a

break.

Inspectors and clerks of election cannot be too careful in making their returns of election to the city and county clerk. Informalities may at some critical time prove a source of much trouble and litigation. City Clerk Bates informs The Gazette that of the eight precinct returns made of the election held last Tuesday, seven were left in his office unsealed, the poll-books and returns being open. Several returns were made in like manner to the county clerk. Quite six months ago, when a recount of the votes cast in Rock county was asked, and while all the returns were under seal, it was a local democratic paper that sang out "Who knows whether or not these returns have been doctored to suit circumstances?" How much more force such an accusation made with unsealed returns? Such returns ought not to be received, and election officers should be more careful in making them.

John R. Ryan, late democratic candidate for street commissioner, disassociated with the result of the election, he having been defeated by twenty-nine votes. He is now considering the question of petitioning for a recount of the ballots, especially the ballots cast in the First precinct of the second ward. If Mr. Ryan or any other candidate has reasons to believe the count incorrect it is not only the privilege but the duty of such candidates to call for a recount. And right here, would it not be just and right to amend our election laws so that all ballots shall be returned to a certain board and recounted, whether the election of any particular candidate is disputed or not. If such measures were adopted there would be no necessity to question the counting of the vote.

The Brooklyn friends of Miss Anna Dickinson are meeting with considerable success in their efforts to secure a sufficient sum of money to enable her to enjoy a needed time of rest and treatment at some well-known health resort. They have received assistance from residents of many cities, but still need funds to accomplish their purpose. They have made a new appeal to the friends of Miss Dickinson throughout the country and expect soon to be enabled to insure for her a long residence at some place where she can be treated by good physicians under favorable surroundings.

Speaking of the resignation of United States Senator Edmunds of Vermont, his veteran colleague, Senator Merrill, says that it was not made for political reasons but on account of Mr. Edmund's health and that of his daughter. The various candidates for the coming vacancy are discussed frankly, but Mr. Merrill does not indicate his preference among the many able men mentioned for the honor. The senator has ideas of his own on the subject of resignation, and bluntly says that he himself will resign just as soon as he is unable to do a good honest day's work.

Carter Harrison seems to be undecided concerning his future course. A few days ago he announced that he would leave Chicago forever; now he says he intends to stay here two years more. The Chicago Mail says with a sniff that so far as precedents go Benedict Arnold went abroad and that Judas Iscariot hanged himself.

"I can't see how it is," said John B. Ryan, the democratic candidate for street commissioner, "that I should run so far behind Dr. Robinson and Roy Holloway over in the First precinct of the Second ward." Perhaps a recount of the voter, and a careful inspection of each ballot will satisfy the gentleman.

The Minneapolis Tribune says that Miss Snowshoe, Pa., ate three quarts of peanuts and went to bed and died." Last week that event was located at Bangor, Me., and it was claimed that Leslie Carr drank three quarts of whisky and died. Let's hear off the wad.

The Reformer will find it a difficult task to convince the people that there is even a respectable number of tax payers, either on Quality hill or in the valley, who favor disturbing ward boundaries. The last election demonstrated that to divide a small city into constituencies would be a dangerous experiment.

At Kenton, Hardin County, Ohio, a quiet and orderly mob broke into the county jail, dragged forth a prisoner who had not been tried in any court, and lynched him. The fact that no New Orleans paper put a big display head on it shows the forgiving disposition of the southern editor.

On Sunday evening Chicago experienced the most disastrous fire which has occurred in that city since the memorable fire of 1871. Over one million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, full particulars of which will be found in our telegraph columns.

The municipal election has been held and the results declared, and yet Street Commissioner Hanthorn keeps right on cleaning up the streets and the growler on South River street has ceased to growl.

DEATH'S HARVEST.

Undertakers and Grave-Diggers Overworked in New York.

NEW YORK, April 13.—There were a remarkable number of funerals Sunday. From early in the day until late in the afternoon the thoroughfares leading to the Long Island ferries were crowded with hearses and funeral parties. At a low estimate 500 corpses were taken across the river for interment. The road from Long Island City to Calvary cemetery was black with funeral corteges. The number of funerals in Brooklyn were far beyond the usual Sunday average, and there was a greater demand for hearses than could be supplied. Few could be secured from this city owing to the demand here from the same causes and those owned in the Long Island towns were sent for. The streets of Brooklyn were filled with processions passing to the various cemeteries, and so many coaches were hired that in some cases the prices were increased. Extra forces of men were employed at grave digging in the cemetery on Saturday in spite of the storm, and many bodies had to be placed in the receiving vaults on account of the lack of time to make graves ready.

The number of deaths last week in Brooklyn was 630 and the largest number in one day was 114 on Friday. The number of deaths last week which was 128 more than in the week before, was the largest ever known in Brooklyn. While only 16 were directly attributed to the grip, there were 163 from pneumonia, 60 from bronchitis, 48 from consumption, 19 from diphtheria, in all of which the grip might have been a secondary cause and in many of which it hastened a fatal ending. In one week of 1890, when the grip was at its height, the number of deaths was 624, but this had not been exceeded even in heated terms in summer when infant mortality is greatest.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

The first span of the new bridge across the Mississippi at Fulton, Ill., is in place.

A dispatch from King's Cove, N. S., says that 200 families are in a condition of actual starvation.

J. L. Arnold, dealer in metals at Lancaster, Pa., has failed. Assets and liabilities about \$50,000.

At a stage camp near Newport, Ark., the men got into a fight. Steve Ross, the foreman, was fatally wounded.

A dozen school children of Du Bois, Pa., were poisoned by eating wild parsnip roots. Two of them have died.

Judge J. B. Winslow, of Racine, Wis., it is said will be appointed to the supreme bench in the late Justice Taylor's place.

Each sample of gold-bearing quartz

have been found in the Cherokee strip near Arkansas City, and miners are flocking to the field.

Mary and William Johnson, two chil-

dren, were chased into the Arkansas river by a vicious cow near Ponca, I. T., and both were drowned.

Three women, members of a law class in New York, graduated Friday evening, and were given certificates authorizing them to practice law.

Mrs. Jane Fowle, of Boston, has sued Dentist Mayo for \$2,000 because he pulled the wrong tooth while she was under the influence of laughing gas.

These entered the post office at Adan-

dus, Ill., Saturday night, bound and gagged the postmaster, and stole a quantity of mail matter and \$26 in cash from the money drawer.

John Cassidy, a lumberman of Reno, Ark., stabbed and mortally wounded William Smith and Alf Skinner Friday. Skinner then shot Cassidy, the latter dying a few hours afterward.

At Waukesha, Wis., it has been

found that Christian Beuss and his wife, who were thought to have been murdered, were asphyxiated by escap-

ing gas from the parlor stove.

John Carroll, a coal miner of Osage City, Kan., committed suicide. He placed a dynamite cartridge in his mouth and lit the fuse with a match. The explosion blew off his head.

William Deary and W. Nelson, young business men of Prairie du Chien, Wis., are supposed to have been drowned. They went duck hunting and their capsized boat was found, but no trace of them.

Three boys at Washington, Pa., sons of Thomas Munro, found an empty glycerine can and began throwing stones at it. The can exploded, blowing two of the boys to pieces and fatally injuring the third.

Quarreled over an account.

VANDALIA, Ill., April 13.—Cyrus Browning and Thomas Culom, living near Van Burenburg, quarreled about an account, when Browning drew a knife and stabbed Culom in the groin, resulting in his death a few hours later.

Burglars in a Wisconsin Town.

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., April 13.—Masked burglars broke into the houses of ex-Congressman L. B. Caswell and Daniel Bullock and secured several gold watches and a large sum of money.

Buried in a Well.

MANTOWOO, Wis., April 13.—Stabbed afternoon Jacob Sagratnuk was digging a well and when 18 feet below the surface it caved in and killed him. His body was recovered.

Ex-Senator Ingalls to Lecture.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 13.—It is probable that ex-Senator John J. Ingalls will accept a proposition to deliver twelve lectures during the present year for \$15,000.

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William Smith and Alf Skinner Friday.

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Come and see how far a dollar goes at the BEE HIVE. We are de-

termined to draw the big crowd if low prices are any inducement. Our

Shoe department has won the foremost position among shoe stores of the

city by displaying at rapidly as they are produced the newest styles of

Footwear at lowest prices. We offer in Ladies' Fine Footwear:

Ladies' fine Kid Button Shoes, patent tip and plain toe, hand turned,

\$2.00. Ladies' Cloth Top Button Shoes, patent leather tip—a soft and flexi-

ble shoe—all sizes, \$2.35.

Ladies' fine light Kid Button Shoes, hand turned, common sense and opera toe, \$2.50.

Ladies' Royal Kid Button and Lace Shoe, hand sewed—an elegant dress boot—\$3.00.

Ladies' Oxford Ties, plain and patent tip, 89c.

All kinds of trustworthy Shoes for Gents, Boys and Girls a

THE BEE HIVE

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

At the Insurance and Real Estate office Room 15, second floor in the Jackman Block, is represented the old, strong

Leading Insurance Companies

OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.

They are truthfully told to us

TIME - TRIED AND - FIRE - TESTED

Steam Boiler and Tornado Insurance

A SPECIALTY. Thankful for past favors and soliciting continuance of the same. Very Respectfully

SILAS HAYNER, Agent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castor.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castor.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castor.

When she became Mrs., she clung to Castor.

When she became Grandmother, she clung to Castor.

When she became Great-Grandmother, she clung to Castor.

When she became Great-Great-Grandmother, she clung to Castor.

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S. JACOB'S OIL

THE BEST.

Rheumatism.

Neuralgia.

N. Ogden, Minn., April 17, 1890.

"A hair tonic of your favorite medicine, St. Jacobs Oil, cures rheumatism and relieves swelling of the knee. Send me the bottle and I will send it a speedy, effective cure."

J. M. L. PORTER.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.**THE IDLE RICH, THE IDLE POOR, THE DESPERATE, DANGEROUS POOR.****Dr. Talmage's Graphic Sketch of the Dangerous Elements in City Life—Life in the Jails, Cellars and Hospitals—The Lava Seething Below.**

NEW YORK, April 12.—Dr. Talmage, in continuance of the course of sermons on "The Ten Plagues of the Cities," today preached to large audiences in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the forenoon and at The Christian Herald service at the New York Academy of Music in the evening on "The Plague of Crime." He took his text Exodus vii, 20, "All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood."

Among all the Egyptian plagues none could have been worse than this. The Nile is the wealth of Egypt. It fish the food, its waters the irrigation of garden and fields. Its condition decides the prosperity or the dooms of the empire. What happens to the Nile happens to all Egypt. And now in the text that great river is incarnadined. It is a red gash across an empire. In poetic license we speak of wars which turn the rivers into blood. But my text is not a poetic license. It was a fact, a great crimson, appalling condition described. The Nile rolling deep of blood! Can you imagine a more awful plague?

The modern plague which nearest corresponds with that is the plague of crime in all our cities. It huts not for bread. It shrinks from no carnage. It braves and cuts and strikes down and destroys. It revels in the blood of body and soul—this plague of crime, rampant for ages, and never bolder or more rampant than now.

HORRORS OF THE POLICE COURTS.

The annual police reports of these cities as I examine them are to me more suggestive than Dante's Inferno, and all Christian people as well as reformers need to awaken to a present and tremendous duty. If you want this "Plague of Crime" to stop there are several kinds of persons you need to consider. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large portion in many communities. The vast majority of the criminals who take ship from Europe come into our own port. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our cities, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cutthroats.

There is in this cluster of cities—New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn—four thousand people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel or cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market to buy goods just before they go up 20 per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there is a large class of men who are more or less industries in crime. In one year the police in this cluster of cities arrested ten thousand people for theft and ten thousand for assault and battery and fifty thousand for intoxication. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the theft, since it confuses a man's ideas of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, though it be on the face of the next gentleman.

We want men like John Howard and Sir William Blackstone and women like Elizabeth Fry to do for the prisons of the United States what those did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Dr. Wines and Mr. Harris and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform; but we want something more radical before we can the blessing of him who said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

Again, in your effort to arrest this plague of crime you need to consider untrustworthy officials. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy princes drink in the morning." It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city at that time, for the most part, were corrupt as the vagabonds and the scoundrels who came before them for trial. Those were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had all kinds of rings. There was one man during those years that got one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was estimated that there were fifty millions of public treasure squandered. In those times the criminal had only to wink at the judge, or his lawyer would wink for him, and the question was decided for the defendant.

I propose this for them: On one side of them put some healthy work; on the other side put a rawhide, and let them take their choice. I like for that class of people the scant bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafers, "If any work not, neither should he eat." By what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day in and day out, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brain gets numb, and then be called upon to support what in the United States are about two million loafers! They are a very dangerous class. Let the public authorities keep their eyes on these starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities!

CAN THIS CRIMINAL BE REFORMED?

We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the bawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hobbles; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hobbles come off? Society seems to say to the criminal, "Villain, go in there when it ought to say, 'I am an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to reprove us.' We mean to help you. Here are tales and tract and Christic influences, Christ died for you. Look, live."

Vast improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prison, but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

WHEN THE WICKED RULE THE PEOPLE.

It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality, who

are harder in heart and more infiuriant when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again. Some years ago, of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison and in the other case the house of correction left them just as bad as they were before.

The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York says a lad of fifteen years of age had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have you done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said,

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crimes, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged!'" That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison bunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you to reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances?

Suppose your mother had been a blameworthy and your father a sot, and you had started life with a bodystuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursings, and at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils, and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hard hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

FOULNESS OF PRISON LIFE.

In some of the city prisons the air is like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have visited prisons where, as the air swept through the wicket, it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw in one prison a woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in there with her child amid the most abandoned wreches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison slept on the floor, with nothing but a vermin covered blanket over them. Those people crowded and wan and wasted and half suffocated and infirated. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man, "we have to stand it." Oh, they will pay you when they get out. Where they burned down one house they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin's knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries.

Some of the city jails are the best places I know of to manufacture footpads, vagabonds and cutthroats. Yale college is not so well calculated to make scholars, nor Harvard so well calculated to make scientists, nor Princeton so well calculated to make theologians as many of our jails are calculated to make criminals. All that those men do not know of crime at all is that they bring all their energies of body, mind and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets and blow up safes and shoplift and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel or cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market to buy goods just before they go up 20 per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

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"You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And then I committed a crime again, and I was brought up before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crimes, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged!'" That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison bunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability.

They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Carolean earthquake. It rolls and roars and surges and heaves and rocks and blazes and dies. And there are only two outlets for it—the police court and the Potter's field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to hell. You never saw it, you say. You never will see it until on the day when those staggering wreches shall come up in the light of the judgment throne, and while all hearts are being revealed, God will ask you what you did to help them.

There is another layer of poverty and destitution, not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear the incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are sunken. Their cheek bones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of the charnel house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead, and the gay laughter of men and maidens, and wonder why God gave to others so much and to them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said: "No, no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

In this cluster of cities, whose cry of want I interpret, there are said to be as far as I can figure it up from reports—about three hundred thousand honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city and state charities. If all their voices could come up at once it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But, for the most part, it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth and sucking the blood of its own arteries, waiting for the judgment day.

Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment which might have made them comfortable in cold days; some broad thrust into the ash barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas jet that might have dimmed up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipice of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of him who "came to seek and save that which was lost."

Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front doorstep! If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them, just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it! And yet there they are. The fifty thousand sewing women in these three cities, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lips.

How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary: "I am downhearted. Everything's against us, and then there are other things." I have watched these do-nothings who spend their time stroking their beard, and retouching their toilet, and criticizing industrious people, and pass their days and nights in barrooms and club houses, lounging and smoking and chewing and card playing. They are not only useless, but they are dangerous. How hard it is for them to while away the hours! Alas for them! If they do not know how to while away an hour, what will they do when they have all eternity on their hands? These men for awhile smoke the best cigars, and wear the best clothes, and move in the highest spheres, but I have noticed that very soon they come down to the prison, the almshouse, or stop at the gallows.

The police stations of this cluster of cities furnish annually between two and three hundred thousand lodgings. For the most part, these two and three hundred thousand lodgings are furnished to able bodied men and women—people as able to work as you and I are. When they are received no longer at one police station, because they are repeaters, they go to some other station, and so they keep moving around. They get their food at house doors, stealing what they can lay their hands on in the front basement while the servant is spreading the bread in the back basement. They will not work. Time and again, in the country districts, they have wanted hundreds and thousands of laborers. These men will not go. They do not want to work. I have tried them. I have set them to sawing wood in my cellar to see whether they wanted to work, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have getting along so poorly; and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then we think we are not getting nearer to God, but floating away from him. Oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die.

DUTY OF CHURCH AND SOCIETY.

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say: "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven!" O thou weeping One of Bethany! O thou weeping One of the cross! Have mercy on these starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities!

CAN THIS CRIMINAL BE REFORMED?

We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the bawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hobbles; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hobbles come off? Society seems to say to the criminal, "Villain, go in there when it ought to say, 'I am an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to reprove us.' We mean to help you. Here are tales and tract and Christic influences, Christ died for you. Look, live."

Vast improvements have been made by introducing industries into the prison, but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath day. Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. The majority of criminals suppose that society has a grudge against them, and they in turn have a grudge against society.

WHEN THE WICKED RULE THE PEOPLE.

It is no compliment to public authority when we have in all the cities of the country, walking abroad, men and women notorious for criminality, who

make me thy child. O Lord, there are some many hungry and unclean and unsheltered today; I thank thee that all my life hast taken such good care of me. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children today; I thank thee mine as well, some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled with thy blood I stand now, as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to thee in a holier baptism of repeating tears.

"For sinners, Lord, thou canst to bleed,

And I am a sinner unto indeed;

Lord, I believe thy grace is

NO LIMITED MAIL

BRIEF LOCAL MENTION.

Fred Sheldon spent Sunday in Madison.

Mrs. E. O. Johnson is confined to her home by sickness.

Frank Farnsworth, of Rockford, spent Sunday in Janesville.

Cream cake and pumpkin pie at the dairy supper Friday evening.

Miss Jessie Shearer is the guest of Miss Jessie Park at Madison.

L. V. Price is again behind the counter of the Windsor as night clerk.

G. M. Hanchett, of Chicago, spent Sunday with his family in this city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jeffers has been brightened by a baby boy.

St. Agnes Guild, of Trinity parish, will meet with Mrs. Charles Pierce this evening.

Ella Lee who is attending the Rockford high school, came home to spend Sunday.

Remember the State Convention of Milkmaids at the Congregational church Friday evening.

Miss Jennie Metcalf, principal of the Washington school, is confined to her home, being dangerously sick.

The first entertainment of the Epsworth League series takes place at the Court Street church to-morrow evening.

Janitor Nelson is industriously welding the broom and scrub brush at the court house. It is the annual spring house cleaning.

The funeral of the late Carleton Shuman was held from the family residence at 2 o'clock this afternoon, Rev. F. Howarth officiating.

Janesville people can now eat pie plant pie, the market being well supplied with fresh bunches of the plant grown in southern Illinois.

Miss Lou Carpenter returned from Whitewater where she is attending the State Normal school, and will spend her vacation at home.

Mr. G. M. Hanchett and family expect to remove to Chicago Thursday and will in the future be residents of the big town by the lake.

The funeral of little Nora Halfmann was held from the home at 10 o'clock this morning, Rev. A. H. Barrington of Christ church officiating.

Edward Lipman and Warner Ross, of Chicago, and Miss Marie Babcock, of Clinton, spent Sunday in the city the guest of Miss Jessie Ziegler.

The current number of "Outing" has an extended article on the Milwaukee Light House Squadron and the Wisconsin National Guard, written by Captain King.

Go to Court Street church to-morrow night and hear what Dr. Eaton has to say and see what Dr. Brewer has to show on "Astronomy." Admission 25 cents.

The New York Herald of June 14 says: It's strange what strides the stage has made during the past five years, not to speak of a century. Business men have now taken a hand in the pie, and find it a very profitable outside investment.

Barrett, during his grand struggle through numberless difficulties, was backed by some of the solid business men of London, who recognizing his ability during his season in London, saw a chance for a good investment. And now a few business men of New York have taken hold of a comedy drama called "Casey's Troubles," which they will put on with wonderful effects. They have a monstrous tank in which takes place a river scene of real water. The tank contracts and expands to fit the size of any stage, and during their trip across the country, prior to their seven weeks run in San Francisco, they take in some of the minor towns and thus make the journey to the Pacific with more ease.

Inshavogue, W. J. Florence's romantic Irish drama, will hold the boards at the Grand Opera House this evening. Lottie Winnett heads the company. Special scenery and the great task scene are to be used.

Leland T. Powers will appear at the Myers Grand Opera House May 1, in "David Garrick."

The May Bretonne company open a week's engagement at Lappin's Opera House tonight.

VOTE ON THE NAME.

Directors of the city hospital are anxious that a full expression of sentiment as to the new name of the institution be had. Those interested are requested to fill out the following ballot and mail it to this office addressed, "Name Contest."

I propose as a name for

the Janesville City Hospital!

Name _____

Signed _____

THE TOBACCO MARTET.

Sales of seed leaf tobacco reported by J. S. Gans' Son, tobacco broker, New York, for the week ending April 13, are: 220 cases, crop of 1888, Pennsylvania Seed, at 12¢ to 15¢.

100 cases, crop of 1889, Pennsylvania Havana, at 14¢ to 18¢.

140 cases, crop of 1889, State Havana, at 14¢ to 22¢.

50 cases, crop of 1889, New England Havana, at 16¢ to 20¢.

200 cases, crop of 1889, Wisconsin Havana, at 7¢ to 12¢.

200 cases Ohio Zimmer's Spanish, Total, 910 cases.

TO-NIGHT'S PROGRAMME:

Janesville Lodge No. 55, F. and A. M. at Masonic hall.

Special meeting of the common council at the city hall.

Washington Camp No. 1, Patriotic Order Sons of America, at Liberty Hall, Badger Council No. 223, Royal Arcanum, at Arcanum hall, South Main street.

"Inshavogue" at Myers opera house.

May Bretonne at Lappin's opera house.

For Sale.

Two houses and lots on Milton avenue, Nos. 59 and 61. Terms, one thousand dollars cash, balance in three annual payments, interest at seven per cent, immediate possession given. Enquire of N. DEARBOURN, over Chicago store.

For Sale.

A new house in Chicago near the World's Fair. Will exchange for Janesville city property or a good farm. O. D. GRAVES, 23 West Milwaukee St.

CROPS ARE BACKWARD

What the Weekly Weather Bulletin Says.

HOW MUCH RAIN FELL

Damp, Cold Weather Retarded Farmers and Farm Work—Severe Frost in the Northern Part of the State—Some Plowing is Already Done.

The weekly weather-crop bulletin from the Wisconsin weather and crop service for the week ending Saturday, April 11, contains considerable valuable information. The report of the bureau is compiled from the reports of the four signal stations in this county, the Janesville report being furnished by E. B. Heimstreet.

The past week was too cold and wet and farm work has in consequence been retarded. In the western and northern portions of the state a few days of sunshiny weather prevailed but the temperature continued low. In the eastern and southern counties there was less sunshine than usual with a temperature averaging 7 degrees below the daily normal for the week.

The rain of Thursday and Friday was heaviest in the southeastern counties, averaging between one and a half and two inches, but rain and wet snow were quite general on those dates throughout the state, the action receiving the least precipitation being the north central counties. The average precipitation for the week for the northern half of the state was five-eighths of an inch and in the southern half one-tenth inches.

Severe frosts occurred in nearly all the northern counties, being lighter in the southern counties. There has been no material injury reported to winter grains from the frosts.

The season continues backward by about two weeks throughout the state, but it is a question whether the almost unchanged conditions of the crops in comparison to last week are not more favorable than bad warm sunshine weather prevailed, since the retardation of growth at this stage means a gain of a week in passing a period when a thaw might be followed by damaging frost.

There are a few cases of ploughing and seeding of oats reported from the southern counties, but the very great majority of the correspondents from these counties place the date of general seeding at about April 23, although with bright, warm, sunshiny weather, for the next few days, seeding might begin on uplands on April 15. The soil is thoroughly saturated in all sections, and lawns cannot be worked for a week or more.

Continued favorable reports are received regarding winter grains. Wherever investigations have been made neither good nor favorable reports have been received.

The frost is leaving the ground rapidly in the southern counties and many sections report frost entirely out of the ground. As we advance northward to the south-central counties "Frost not yet out of the ground" is reported, until reaching the extreme northern counties the ground is frozen to a depth of 18 inches, with snow fourteen inches deep in Forest and adjoining counties. There is less snow in the ground in the northwestern and western counties, and in the west-central counties it is rapidly disappearing, some old sheltered drifts along fences and the north side of hills alone remaining.

Pliny Norcross is home. While in Nashville he discovered the grave of a younger brother who disappeared in 1862 and who had not been heard of since. They never knew where he was buried.

I wish through the columns of the Gazette to express my sincere thanks to the singers and all friends who so kindly assisted by their sympathy and kindly acts in my late bereavement. Mrs. M. E. Jones.

HONOR FOR O. E. KIMBERLY.

The "Evening Wisconsin" tells how he sang before Sherman.

Ten Girls at Tea.

Mrs. F. S. Eldred entertained her Sunday school class of the Congregational Sunday school at 6 o'clock this afternoon. The tea was for Miss Mamie Hanchett, who soon leaves for Chicago.

The young ladies who compose Mrs. Eldred's class are: Misses Fanny Jackson, Dollie Best, Hattie Carpenter, Emma Gardiner, Dora Haviland, Bessie Ford, Madie Nowlan, Nellie Moseley, and Mabel Shunway.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Whitney baby carriages at Spoons & Snyder's.

The History Club To-Night.

The History Club will meet at Dr. Q. O. Sutherland's office to-night. The topics have been assigned as follows:

1. Condition of Italy, Especially Florence.

2. Life of Lincoln.

3. Late Life of Savonarola.

4. Tzarina as a Stateswoman.

5. Savonarola as a Priest.

A. T. Wilkins BADLY NURT.

He Was Kicked in the Chest Saturday by a Horse.

A. T. Wilkins, the South Main street picture dealer, was badly injured Saturday by a kick from his horse. He was in the backyard at his home on Prospect avenue with his horse, when the animal reared up and kicked him in the chest. Dr. Louis attended him, and pronounced his injuries as very painful, but not necessarily dangerous.

He was able to sit up today, but will not be able to be about for some time.

HY WORKED RACINE TOO.

The man who victimized Ald. Luis Thought to be in Racine.

Racine authorities have W. M. Boardman in jail charged with forgery. Marshal Abelson is of the opinion that Boardman is the same fellow that forged John Souleman's name to a seventeen dollar check and thereby victimized Alderman August Luis.

Boardman acknowledged that he is going under an assumed name. The Janesville forger went under the name of George B. Langdon.

How to Play Ball.

The popular "Buck" Ewing, captain of the New York's, has written an article for the boy's department of "The Ladies' Home Journal" for June, on the "Ins and Outs of Base Ball," in which the famous catcher will tell how to play the game, how to form a nine, the hardest positions and how to fill them; how to throw a ball, etc. This is Ewing's first article, and it is said to be the best which has ever been written for boys on the great national game.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

Wait for Kildow, the upholsterer.

Splendid baby case at Sutherland's Book Store.

There is a charm about our line of spring garments that attracts. Prices are low. ARCHIE REED.

Baby case at Wheelock's cheap; handsome lace covers to parasols; carpet beaters; kneading boards; carpet sweepers; door mat 15 cents, to close.

We now have in stock the largest and most complete stock of wall paper in the state. Prices always the lowest.

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